

## The pizza boy pornstar and the cheerleader PA by Kiram

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** ;), Billy is a porn star, Bottom Steve, Crossdressing, M/M, Panties, Sexy Times, cheerleader steve roleplay, for my friends on discord, love it, pizza boy billy role play, porno au, relationship-ish, sexy porno role play, steve is a PA at a porn studio

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-01-30

**Updated:** 2018-01-30

**Packaged:** 2022-04-20 16:33:56

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,606

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Steve and Billy decide that they should trespass on their porn set and do a sexy role play. Billy wants to role play his pizza boy porn fantasy, steve is a snotty PA who is easily pressured into doing stupid stuff for this stupidly attractive porn star. Lol ;) took a bit. For the Rock you Like a Hurricane Discord ;p. I was disassociating a bit while writing this so don't expect the "Great Gatsby". Lol.

## **The pizza boy pornstar and the cheerleader PA**

“Shhh!!” Steve shushed, steady finger on top of his lips.

“We can’t make too much noise till we make sure the coast is clear!” He hissed, Billy was directed inside, Steve made sure to lock up behind him.

“We were the only car here, you don’t need to freak out, it’s just you and me, princess.” Billy purred, low and dangerous, his voice made Steve’s heart race.

“It’s better to be safe than sorry!!” Steve scolded, a glare ever present on his soft features.

“You sound like every preppy honors chick in high school!! Get that stick out of your ass princess, I won’t be able to fit!” Billy smirked suggestively. Cockiness always radiated from his presence.

If he wasn’t making an innuendo, then you weren’t talking to Billy Hargrove, pornstar extraordinaire.

“Ugh, always classy, Billy.” Steve scoffed, he was questioning his earlier decision to go through with this.

Billy was excellent in bed, beyond excellent, but he was also a giant douche.

But, a douche with a great dick...

“Hey, if you wanted classy I’d suggest getting fucked by a lawyer.” Billy snickered.

Large arms wrapped around Steve’s waist, Billy swayed behind him to imaginary music.

“Off! I’m not fucking right in front of the doorway!!” Steve whined, his hands gripped Billy’s wrist weakly.

“Hey, it’s my turn, Bambi, we fuck where I say!” Billy growled, his hold grew tighter, hips jutting forward as he began to lift Steve.

They had been sneaking around for a while now.

At first it was spontaneous, Steve a PA at his father's porn studio, recorded a large amount of annoying pornos, their stars similarly annoying. One day, Billy, a well known actor, had work at Steve’s studio.

Steve had been grumbling about, angry at the work he was assisting his producer on.

He didn’t have much else though, a filming degree only got you so far.

Steve was annoyed, chewing out the actors and the script writers,

talking shit behind their backs.

Billy had overheard one of Steve's famous rants one day.

Steve had been ranting about Billy to a fellow film snob, grumbling about his cocky attitude and his shitty acting, heard a comment about how he was just some dumb jock.

Billy had interrupted the gossip fest, shoving the snotty PA, which had dominoed into a shouting match between Billy and Steve.

"Not our fault that rich boy was too stupid to do anything else!!" Billy had sneered.

"Ugh! Typical meathead, using the only thing they've got!!" Steve had shouted back.

And so on, continuing on with similar insults.

This lasted till the producer had broke them apart.

The next day they were ignoring each other, Steve's nose upturned, Billy's eyes lit aflame.

Then Billy had ravished this busty chick on set, Steve saw the whole thing, and for the first time since his porno PA career started, Steve got turned on at work.

Billy had then seen the Snooty PA, uncomfortably hiding his humiliating tent, he was almost smug at the fact that the uptight prick was reacting to his busty co-star but, by some stroke of fate, he noticed that the PA was looking at Billy and not the chick.

Red faced, and absolutely precious, Steve embarrassingly shuffled away as soon as the director had yelled cut.

Billy was quick to follow.

That was the first time they hooked up, Billy going to make fun of Steve but then ending up getting hard himself as Steve's flushed needy face casted his way.

Billy jerked Steve off, taking in every moan that escaped his swollen pink lips.

Steve had swallowed Billy's erect member down, giving an actually decent blow job.

Billy came on Steve's face, creating the mental picture of Steve panting, flushed, white streaks of cum across his mole speckled face, big brown eyes red with tears.

Billy knew it couldn't end there.

They hooked up whenever Billy recorded at the studio, which didn't happen as often as Billy had wanted.

This ultimately lead to Steve giving Billy his number and calling whenever he needed to get fucked.

Which ended up with Steve and Billy sneaking on to set one day, when the studio was empty and the workday had ended a solid 5 hours prior. Steve had wanted to role play one of his favorite porno tropes, the secretary and the businessman, Steve wore a white button up and boring work pants while Billy had worn a stuffy suit. It was cheesy but they at least they fucked on top of the prop desk.

Steve had then stupidly promised that the next time they did this would be Billy's turn to pick.

Well, that promise was called upon, they had successfully snuck onto the empty studio, and Billy was carrying Steve to the set he wanted them to use.

It was a simple set up, a small couch, a fake tv, a door, set to open up to a shitty outdoors background, as well as a small table with 2 cheap chairs.

Steve pondered the set up, what the hell did Billy want to role play?

"I want to recreate the most well known porn plot to this day, the pizza play." Billy smirked, his arms thrown up in a dramatic presentation.

"Are you serious?... you want to waste your kinky trespassing on a pornoset role-play promise on the cheesiest porn plot line?" Steve asked incredulously.

"Yep, I'm the pizza boy, you're the cheerleader." Billy purred seductively.

"What!? Who said I'd dress up as a cheerleader!?" Steve squeaked, face flushed with embarrassment.

"I did, princess, now go change before I have to punish you!" Billy's command left zero room for debate, Steve stomped towards the dressing rooms, Billy ignored the small temper tantrum in favor of changing into the pizza delivery uniform.

The uniform was tight enough to stretch across his muscled form. He had the t-shirt, tight jeans, and a simple cap, with the fake pizza brand name labeled across his shirt and cap.

It was like one of those last minute costumes teens put together for Halloween.

Billy got back on the set before Steve, so he spent his time adding a couple of props to the setup.

An empty pizza box, a potted plant, etc.

He barely noticed Steve when he entered the set.

Well, more like awkwardly shuffled onto set...

Steve was a deep shade of beet-red.

He had his arms crossed in a weak attempt to hide himself. A tight, spandex, long sleeve, crop top with the word 'cheer' in large box letters and a small, tight, spandex skirt, in the same colors but without the letters, clung tightly around Steve's hips.

He had on a pair of nice, white knee high socks, and a new pair of sports sneakers.

Billy was already growing erect at the sight of him, Steve was blushing and his hair was combed down, like a girl with a shorter haircut.

"Okay princess, your safe word is 'King', don't forget it, cause I'm not stopping unless you say that." Billy smirked, he directed Steve to the couch before he himself went off to hide behind the closed prop door. He rang the doorbell, it was a shitty pre-recording of the typical 'ding-dong' that blared from a hidden speaker.

"Coming!" Steve shouted behind clenched teeth.

He swung open the door, giving Billy an annoyed glare.

"Good morning, sweetheart, I got your large sausage pizza." Billy purred, a flirting smirk and a relaxed lean greeted Steve's glare.

"Oh! That's mine, come on in!" Steve opened the door for Billy to squeeze inside.

Steve quickly ran into the kitchen set, leaving Billy to wait in the living room set.

"Oh! It seems I can't find my wallet!" Steve hissed, his annoyance was clear behind his choked off words.

He entered back into the living room, breaking the news to Billy, who was clearly more in character.

"Well I can't leave here without getting paid!" Billy demanded, inching closer to Steve, whose hands rested sassily on his tilted hips.

"Well I'm not paying!!" Steve huffed, his stance turning more snooty as he leant forward, looking like a girl ready to sass back against any authority figure.

"Looks like I'll be taking a different form of payment!" Billy growled, effectively boxing Steve against the wall without Steve noticing.

He smashed his lips against Steve, forcing Steve into an angry kiss.

This is what started to interest Steve, the Shitty roleplaying shifting into heated physical contact.

Their lips roughly smooshed together, teeth clinking together almost making it painful.

Their tongues entangled, a fight for dominance, effectively lost when Steve let out a throaty moan.

Billy engulfed Steve, his entire body covering over him while Billy's tongue explored Steve's mouth.

Steve was beginning to get light headed, his lungs filling up with a sloppy makeout, eyes drooped close, his face no longer flushing in embarrassment but with exertion.

Billy guided Steve to the kitchen, distracting him with their sloppy kiss.

Steve let out a surprised gasp when Billy halted their kiss, turning Steve around and bending him over the small wooden table.

The small spandex skirt did almost zero in covering Steve's ass, the bent over position causing it to ride up, revealing Steve's decision to wear sheer, frilly, pink panties beforehand.

Billy's breath hitched, almost causing him to lose any form of control, he wanted to rip apart the panties and force his way into Steve's tight hole, but even his beastly side didn't want to cause Steve any serious pain.

"What's this? Are you a little slut, do you want me to bend you over this table and fuck you? Huh? Did you act like some stuck-up bitch so I could force my cock inside your slutty little whole!?" Billy teasingly whispered into Steve's ear, hot breath causing his skin to tickle pleasantly.

Steve whined, tongue feeling too thick to respond to his mocking words, Billy's bulge poking on top of Steve's milky white thighs.

Billy placed wet, open mouth kisses at the back of Steve's neck. Steve let out small noises of encouragement as Billy trailed more kisses down his spine.

Steve's skirt was roughly pulled down, his stomach taut against the table while his hands white-knuckle gripped the edge.

Billy slopped some lube on his fingers, pushing Steve's panties to the side, pushing one finger past his rim.

He did a rush job, doing the absolute minimal prep work that wouldn't cause Steve pain, his blood thrumming with excitement.

He quickly pulled out his cock slipping on another coat of lube, he pushed the panties to the side, lining up his head against Steve's fluttering rim.

Billy slowly pushes in until his hips were flush against Steve's ass. He waited a bit, giving Steve some time to adjust to the stretch.

He slowly pulled back out, causing Steve to anticipate a slow teasing fuck, then he caused Steve to shout in surprise as he slammed his cock back into Steve's hole.

Billy treated Steve like a tool, pulling on his hips to meet back with his violent thrusts.

Each forceful thrust caused Steve's head to short-circuit, screaming out utter nonsense.

"So good! A good little slut! The perfect little hole!" Billy roared, his bruising grip digging into Steve's soft, pale hips.

The table rubbed against Steve's cock as Billy slammed into Steve's sopping hole.

It was odd to Steve, how he was so used to fucking girls, thrusting gently into them, also used to Billy slowly humping into him, that this new, violent pace was an electrifying feeling.

It felt like Steve was just something to use and mount, like a prostitute in those pirate movies.

Billy was, and hopefully would be, the only person to see Steve like this, helpless and bending to Billy's will.

"Billlllyyyy!" Steve whined, high pitched and loud. It was a poor attempt, but he was hoping Billy would realize it was a warning, that Steve was about to come.

But Billy chose to ignore the boys desperate cries, continuing his aggressive rhythm.

His cock finally hit Steve's prostate, dead on.

Steve cried out, almost sobbing, as his swollen member spurted out white strips of come onto the table.

He'd expected Billy to come then too, finish up so they could clean up and go, but Billy continued his pounding thrusts.

His cock twitched in arousal as Billy plunged in to his oversensitive entrance.

"Billy!" Steve sobbed, his mouth drooling against the table as tears and snot streaked down his face.

Steve was gonna go crazy, Billy continuing an onslaught of punishing thrusts, his body squeezing ineffectively around Billy's throbbing member.

"Fuck, you're so pretty, princess, so pretty for me! I'm gonna cum all over your thighs, I wanna see them covered in my jizz while your legs shake like a newborn deer! Wanna see your bratty face reduced to tears, so pretty for me!" Billy growled, his hips snapping against Steve's ass.

Steve hated how even though dirty talk usually causes his eyes to roll, Billy's filthy words make his knees go weak.

Billy will probably have to carry him princess style after this, his legs

now reduced to jelly, maybe they could cuddle at his apartment too. Steve's breath was forced out with every powerful thrust. It was a mix of grunted exhales and high pitched, choked off moans. Billy's skin covered with sweat, he was becoming exhausted, his thrusting making him flush with exertion.

"I can't! I can't!" Steve sobbed out unintelligibly, not really sure what he can't do, his eyes glassy and his face a burning red.

"So good for me, baby! So wet and tight for me! You're doing so good! I'll let you come, then I'll mark you're pretty thighs! When come into work on monday will you see this set and remember this is where I made you mine! Where I came all over your thighs and made you squirt all over your stomach! Fuck! So hot, my little slut!" Billy grunted out a litany of filthy speech, all causing a heat to spread in Steve's gut.

Steve screamed, a broken sob escaping him as he came for the second time that evening.

Billy smugly smirked at Steve's cries, shallowly thrusting a couple more times before pulling out and decorating Steve's thighs with his own spurts of come.

Billy stepped back appreciating the work of art that was Steve bent over the wooden table, milky white thighs spread open, wet with sweat and cum, his puffy hole gaping, rumpled panties roughly stretched off to the side.

Steve's face was also a pretty picture, red and wet with tears, snot, and drool trailing down his chin.

Billy scooped up the mess that Steve was reduced to, carrying him to his Camaro, buckling him in the passenger seat.

"What?.." Steve whined out, eyes closed, angry that Billy left behind a mess but too exhausted to effectively protest.

"Shhh, princess, I'm driving to my place, so I can spoon you and we can have sloppy morning sex." Billy cooed, smiling amusedly at the sleepy PA.

"I get next time!" Steve huffed, nodding off once again, not realizing he made another chance for a second round of porno role play.

Billy smirked, next time he was gonna request a punishment role play, Steve was definitely gonna wear slutty skirt and panties again. Plus, the added bonus of Billy spanking him.

This was going to be fun, but wasn't it always fun when it came to them.

Steve and Billy, no matter what, we're always going to have a fun



time, because they were together.  
They were fun, together.